wit will make vſe of any thing; I will turne diſeaſes to commo-
ditie.

Enter th' Archbiſhop, Thomas Mowbray (Earle Marſhall) the Lord Haſtings, Fauconbridge, and Bardolfe.

Biſhop Thus haue you heard our cauſe, and knowne our (meanes,
And my moſt noble friends, I pray you al
Speake plainely your opinions of our hopes,
And firſt Lord Marſhall, what ſay you to it?

Marſh. I well allow the occaſion of our armes,
But gladly would be better ſatisfied,
How in our meanes we ſhould aduance our ſelues,
To looke with forehead, bold, and big enough,
Vpon the power and puiſſance of the King.

Haſt. Our preſent muſters grow vpon the file,
To fiue and twenty thouſand men of choiſe,
And our ſupplies liue largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whoſe boſome burnes
With an incenſed fire of iniuries.

Bard. The queſtion then Lord Haſtings ſtandeth thus,
Whether our preſent fiue and twentie thouſand,
May hold vp head without Northumberland.

Haſt. With him we may.

Bard. Yea mary, theres the point,
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My iudgement is we ſhould not ſtep too far.

Biſh. 'Tis very true lord Bardolfe, for indeede
It was yong Hot-ſpurs cauſe at Shrewsbury.

Bard. It was my Lord, who lined himſelfe with hope,
Eating the ayre, and promiſe of ſupplie,
Flattring himſelfe in proiect of a power,
Much ſmaller then the ſmalleſt of his thoughts,
And ſo with great imagination,
Proper to mad-men, led his powers to death,
And winking, leapt into deſtruction.

Haſt. But by your leaue it neuer yet did hurt,

To